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LITERARY (AND OTHER) GOSSIP.

The following lines, by Thomas Campbell, written in 1848, on the acquittal of McNaughten, for the murder of Mr. Drummond, and which we believe have never appeared in print before, are not quite inappropriate to the present times :

CONGRATULATION ON A LATE ACQUITTAL.

Ye people of England ! exult and be glad,
For ye're now at the will of the merciless mad ;
Why say ye that but those authorities reign—
Crown, Commons and Lords !—You omit the insane !
They're a privileged class, whom no statute controls—
And their murderous charter exists in their souls—
Do they wish to spill blood—they have only to play
A few pranks—get asylum'd a month and a day,
Then, heigh ! to escape the mad-doctors' keys,
And to pistol, or stab whomsoever they please.
Now, the dog has a human-like wit. In Creation,
He resembles most nearly our own generation ;
Then, if madness for murder, escapes with impunity,
Why deny a poor dog the same noble immunity ?
So, if dog or man bite you, beware being nettled,
For crime is no crime—when the mind is unsettled.

The original in the poet's handwriting, addressed to the editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*, is in the collection of Autographs belonging to Mr. Thomas J. McKee, of this city.

Here is a characteristic letter from the veteran caricaturist, George Cruikshank, which appeared the other day in a London paper :

SIR—Some time back you were so good as to notice a statement which I made at a Temperance meeting in the Guildhall of the City of London, when I challenged the world to prove any case in the previous forty years of any robbery with violence, any brutal assault, or any murder by a Teetotaller. So, when I saw in your paper of Tuesday last that an Irish laborer, of the name of Hagan, who it was stated was a Teetotaller, had murdered his wife, I could scarcely believe it, and, feeling if it were so that it rather interfered with what I had asserted, I determined to ascertain the facts of the case, and therefore went yesterday to "Eaton-square," and, after some difficulty, discovered in a very obscure part of "Belgravia" the house where these parties lodged, and, upon making inquiries, was told by a man who knows this Hagan quite well, that instead of his being a Teetotaller, that he is nothing of the sort.

I was glad to learn from the landlord of the house that the wife is recovering from the effects of the brutal assault, and is expected to leave the hospital in a few days, and also that the children are now under the care of the wife's sister.

I am quite prepared to prove what I have here stated, and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Cruikshank was not, however, always so enthusiastic an advocate of "teetotalism." In his early youth, and sometimes in his later days, he would mercilessly satirize and ridicule the people and the principles he now so vigorously supports. We remember the publication of a caricature which is now before us. It is signed, George Cruikshank, dated 1844, and entitled "Father Mathew, an-ice man, for a small party." It represents a pleasant English family seated round the supper table, apparently indulging in a social glass. A spectral, pump-like individual, supposed to represent the famous Father Mathew, enters, stretching forth a water-ladle arm, saying, "Touch not, taste not—if you must take anything—take the pledge." The head of the family retorts with asperity, in Falstaff's words—"Do'st thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" George once told us that he would like to put *some* of his earlier works in the fire. We presume that this is one of those he would wish so eliminated.

The press generally has rendered justice to the merits of the late Lord Lytton. Our readers may like to see how he was treated forty-three years ago. *Fraser*, in an article (June, 1830), intended to extinguish the author of "Pelham," "Devereux," and "Paul Clifford," wrote as follows :

"It is said, that when the *Court Journal* was established, and when the fame of the author of "Pelham" was at its loftiest point of culmination, that Mr. Henry Colburn, the proprietor of not only that journal, but who calls himself Mr. Bulwer's patron, asked his client to write him something witty and sparkling on Dress and French Cookery, for the columns of his pseudo-fashionable and demirep rival of the *Literary Gazette*. It is further said, that Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer was flurried in spirit when he heard his bookseller's estimate of his capacity, and determined to astonish the world by talking philosophy and metaphysics. How he has carved and

hacked these matters we have shewn. But he is like the *campagnard* baron in Destouche's comedy, who is bent on being a poet, and is applauded for his poetical powers by his rural neighbors, who gulp down the boor's absurdities as city apprentices cram their maw with the dainties of some self-styled French restaurant of Gracechurch street or Cornhill; while all persons well-informed on these respective subjects, laugh at the silliness of the former, and the ignorance, while they admire the digestive powers, of the latter. Having exposed the philosophy and metaphysics, the exquisite painting, high taste, and truth to nature, contained in the other precious works of Mr. Bulwer, turn we to "Paul Clifford," which his booksellers, in their usual way of puffing, directly, indirectly, obliquely, diagonally, transversely—have cried up as the most extraordinary production that this, or any other country, in times bygone, or in times present, or in times to come, have, are, or will be favored with. The praise of puffing it might be supposed can no farther go; but we shall see that, when the author honors the world with his next performance. Here are only a very few of the exquisitely written commendations of their article, which his publishers have slipped as paragraphs into newspaper columns, for the purpose of proving that which Dr. Jordan has already proved by his newly contrived pills, and Dr. Courtenay, by his *Aegis* of Life, and Dr. Thomson, by his Balm of Rakasiri, and old bone-grubbing Cobbet, by his mountebank lectures, and Thomas Babington Macaulay (*sic*) by his philosophical articles in the *Sapphire and Blue*,—viz., the extreme gullibility of mankind."

The famous auctioneer, Mr. Christie, once, while selling a collection of pictures, having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual elegance on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just before entered the room. "This, gentlemen, is one of Wilson's Italian pictures; he cannot paint anything like it, now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discomposure, and to the great amusement of the company; "he can paint infinitely better."

The London *Morning Post* lately entered upon its 101st year. The first number was issued on November 2, 1772, thirteen years before the establishment of the *Times*. The *Post* had then five metropolitan contemporaries, comprising the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Public Advertiser*, the *Public Ledger*, the *London Packet*, and the *Gazetteer*. The *Morning Chronicle* failed to reach its centenary; and the *Morning Herald* (started eleven years later than the *Morning Post*) was discontinued a few years since. The list of contributors to the *Post* during the century of its existence includes the names of Charles Lamb, Southey, Coleridge, Sir James Mackintosh, Arthur Young, Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, William Jerdan, and Mackworth Praed. The paper has frequently changed hands, and at one period in its history a part owner was no less a personage than the Prince Regent.

Harper Brothers have just published an edition of Bulwer's posthumous novel, "Kenelm Chillingly."

A lady of a literary turn writes to know if she can pay for her paper by writing poetry. Oh, certainly, we will allow three cents a pound for manuscript poetry, or she can darn our stockings for the amount—it's all the same to us. We are in favor of patronizing home talent.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A tragedy of Shakespeare has been performed for the first time on the Spanish stage. At Madrid, "Hamlet" has been brought out in a Spanish version by Don Carlos Coello.

The author of "A Century of Bibles" has in the press a little volume of rhyming Latin hymns for the church year. It will be completed in four parts, of which the first will contain hymns for Lent and Easter. Mr. Robert Bateman has supplied a series of illustrations, somewhat in the style of the ancient French *Hore*. The hymns are all in rhyme, and are chiefly of mediæval origin, but a few modern examples, including one by Mr. Gladstone, have been added by permission.

The large paper copies of the Catalogue of Works of Art exhibited lately at the Guildhall library, have just been issued to the members of the committee, the exhibitors, and a few others. This quarto volume will always be a bibliographical treasure, both for its rarity in this state, and for the intrinsic value of the contents. So extensive a list of London Topographical Prints is nowhere else to be found.

We hear of an unexpected testimony, of the most unexceptionable character, to the goodness of Mr. Skeat's text of the third and last version of William's "Vision concerning Piers the Plowman," for the Early English Text Society. A MS. at Oxford, Bodley 581, hitherto overlooked, has just been examined, and found to contain a remarkably good text of the latter portion of the third cast of the Vision. On collating it with his printed text, Mr. Skeat had the satisfaction of finding every one of his emendations of his standard MSS. confirmed by this new MS. Mr. Skeat and the members of the Early English Text Society may congratulate themselves on this welcome result.

Mr. Edmund Whymper has prepared for the *People's Magazine* an account of his researches in Greenland. It is illustrated with woodcuts from the author's sketches.

The forthcoming number of the *Edinburgh Review* will contain a memoir of the late General Lee, the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, from original and other materials, collated by a writer already known by his studies of the campaigns in Virginia.

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Mr. Browning's poem is in type, and consists of 4,500 lines. It is a poetic version of a great tragedy which came before the law courts of a department in the north of France last year, and we hear that the poet has in the outlines of the story kept closely to the facts, with the view of presenting to the reader's mind the key to them in human passion.

Sir Henry Rawlinson will shortly give to the world a series of papers on the politics and geography of Central Asia, under the title of "England and Russia in the East." The volume will be published by Mr. Murray. The same publisher promises "Lectures on the Geography of Greece," by Mr. Tozer, Tutor of Exeter College.

Among Mr. Murray's other announcements, are : "Life and Death of John of Barneveld, including the History of the Primary Causes and Movements of The Thirty Years' War," by Mr. Motley; "The Duke of Wellington's Civil and Political Correspondence," Vol. 5, 1828-9, edited by his Son; "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Biography, from the Time of the Apostles to the Age of Charlemagne," by various Authors, edited by Dr. William Smith; and "The Students' Manual of Ecclesiastical History." This last work will be uniform with the "Students' Hume."

All of our readers have heard of the English play entitled "The Happy Land," which was the other day suspended by the Lord Chamberlain, who dictated certain changes in it. A correspondent informs us that the real author of this interference was not so much the Lord Chamberlain, who has been so vigorously condemned for going to the relief of Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton, as it was the Prince of Wales. He is said to have been much scandalized at some allusions to a lack of hospitality supposed to have been displayed in the reception of certain recent state visitors, as for instance the Khedive: "Where do you receive your foreign guests?" was the question, and the reply was, "At Buckingham Palace—Hotel." This to the Prince seemed shocking, and alterations were ordered by the Lord Chamberlain, who, however, kept the Prince's name out of the business, and made a stalking-horse of his own official objections to Mr. Ayrton's lavender or lilac pantaloons and to the cancan, with song, danced by the three ministers above-mentioned. We are informed from the same source that the Prince of Wales has also recently been taken for a subject by a metrical satirist, who has been writing for *Beeton's Annual* some parodies of the Laureate's later "Idyls." The parodies are reported to be duller than the originals, but it pleases the disaffected and the gossip-mongers to see the "tournament of the dead innocence" turned into one of the pigeon-matches in which the Prince delights. Stupid as the performance was, however, the Prince

is understood to have bought up the copyright for a considerable sum, and copies at first worth one shilling are now sold for ten. Worse than all this, however, is the fact that the Prince and his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, cast a vote apiece the other night, in the Lords, for the bill authorizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and that they have frequently gone to the theatre during Lent just passed. These two things are said to have made very angry the High Church party—which, however, has always been honorably known for its loyalty, and may no doubt still be depended upon.—*Nation*.

Old-book lovers in Paris have been greatly excited lately by a fresh acquisition of the well-known brothers Tross, a "Horace," printed on vellum, without place or date, but in Italy, probably Venice, about 1469, in small quarto, 157 leaves, 26 lines to a page, without signatures or initials. It is not the unique copy on vellum that Van Praet described, which formerly belonged to M. Fenaroli, at Brescia, and it has not heretofore been known. It is the greatest "find" of the last half century, says M. Louis Gonse, in the *Chronique des Arts*.

A collection of English and foreign coins was sold last month by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge. Penny of Aelfrid, with bust to the right, 12*l.* 12*s.*—Another, Exeter Mint, 27*l.* 10*s.*—Hartshacanute, bust to the right, 9*l.* 5*s.*—Henry the First, full-face, with sceptre, 9*l.* 5*s.*—Stephen, with crowned bust of the King, 14*l.* 5*s.*—Stephen and Matilda, with standing male figure, looking to the right, 24*l.* 5*s.*—Mary, half groat, 8*l.* 5*s.*—Various siege pieces, 4*l.* 6*s.*—Dublin half-crown, 5*l.* 10*s.*—Rebel five-shilling piece, 7*l.* 15*s.*—Pattern half-crown, by Ramage, 24*l.* 10*s.*—Pattern shilling, by the same, 21*l.* 10*s.*—Pattern six-pence, by the same, 15*l.* 5*s.*—Elizabeth's noble, or ryal, 27*l.* 5*s.*—James the First's fifteen-shilling piece, 16*l.* 16*s.*—Cromwell's crown piece, 9*l.* 10*s.*—Robert the Third's groat, 9*l.* 9*s.*—James the Fourth's Edinburgh groat, 9*l.*—George the Fourth's pattern crown, published by Wheteaves, 10*l.* 10*s.*—Pattern guinea of Anne, 20*l.* 10*s.*—George the Third's pattern for a two-sovereign piece, 10*l.* 10*s.*—George the Third's pattern for a five-pound piece, 30*l.* 10*s.*

Uncle Sam is the greatest publisher in the country; and Congress the most voluminous author. It is estimated that the government printing office turns out more matter than Appleton, Harper, Lippincott and Peterson put together. During 1872 no less than \$893,187.97 worth of resolutions, reports, and other documents were printed under the authorization of Congress; that brilliant periodical, the *Globe*, was issued at an expense of \$246,555.50; while for the executive and judicial departments printing was done to the amount of \$1,036,207.02. And to cap all,

it was Uncle Sam himself who paid for the distribution of this enormous mountain of stuff through its multitudinous channels to the dealers in paper stock.

Princess Charlotte's name is still preserved among Englishmen, though it is some fifty-four years since she died. The sad legend of her fate laid deep hold, and it was in some degree preserved by the longevity of him who had been her husband, and the frequent references which were made to his early history. Some of her hitherto unpublished letters have just been given to the world in the *Quarterly Review*, and they exhibit the poor Princess in a far better light than has previously been thrown on her character. Her youth must have been singularly unhappy, and she had a warm and generous nature, which seemed to ask only for affectionate direction. The *Quarterly* has thus a second time done her justice—some readers may remember the almost savage slaughter it made of a book in which, a good many years back, a woman's unwholesome spite vented itself in scandal against the deceased Princess, and was chastised with a man's unhesitating vigor.

The Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: On April 9 the well-known tailor, M. Laurent Richard, disposed of his splendid modern collection; and the following sums paid by Frenchmen for French pictures show that men can be prophets in their own country. First come Corot's works: *Nymphes et Faunes*, 23,000 francs; *Danses de Nymphes*, 14,000 francs; *Souvenir de Marissel*, 15,100 francs. E. Delacroix: *Médée*, 59,000 francs; *Christ au Tombeau*, 29,000 francs; St. Sébastien Secouru, 31,500 francs; *Christ en Croix*, 29,000 francs; *Lièvre et Lapin*, 31,050 francs. Diaz: *Descente de Bohémiens*, 15,000 francs; *Une Eclaircie*, 25,700 francs. J. Dupré: *La Mare aux Chênes*, 38,000 francs; *Le Pont*, 28,500 francs; *Les Landes*, 30,000 francs; *La Rivière*, 36,000 francs; *La Barque*, 19,500 francs; *L'Etang*, 18,000 francs; *Marine*, 19,000 francs; *Arbres au Bord de l'Eau*, 17,050 francs; *Le Petit Pont*, 12,800 francs. Froumentin: *La Fantasia*, 40,500 francs. Marihat: *L'Enfant Prodigue*, 30,500 francs. Meissonier: *Le Jouer de Guitare*, 37,000 francs; *Soldat sous Louis XIII.*, 31,200 francs. Millet: *La Lampe*, 38,500 francs. Thos. Rousseau: *Le Givre*, 60,100 francs; *Le Vieux Dormor*, 36,000 francs; *Les Bûcheronnes*, 36,000 francs; *Lisière de Glaibois*, 33,500 francs; *Métairie sur l'Oise*, 38,200 francs; *Cours d'Eau*, (*Solonge*), 40,000 francs; *L'Automne (Fontainebleau)*, 37,000 francs; *Plaine et Marais*, 30,000 francs; *Landes Boisées (Solonge)*, 17,200 francs. Tryon: *Le Gué*, 62,000 francs; *Berger et Moutons*, 41,700 francs; *Vaches, Soleil Couchant*, 27,050 francs; *Retour du Troupeau*, 25,500 francs; *Animaux à l'Ombre*, 19,200 francs. In fact this col-

lection fetched £56,000. The improved price of many of the pictures is marvellous. The first canvas on the list, by Corot, was sold ten years ago for 3,000 francs, and brought 23,000 francs at this sale. The *Mare aux Chênes*, by Jules Dupré, at about the same epoch was disposed of at 1,300 francs, while it rose to 38,000 francs. It was the same with a Delacroix, which a few years ago was disposed of for 14,000 francs, and fetched, after passing through the hands of M. Laurent Richard, 29,000 francs.

Mr. John E. Bailey, of Stretford, Manchester, has in course of preparation a biography of Dr. Thomas Fuller, the author of the "Worthies of England." It is stated that great additions will be made to former biographies, and mistakes corrected, whilst a complete list of Fuller's works will for the first time be given.

Mr. Edwin Edwards has published in London a work on "Old Inns," consisting of fifty unbound sheets, that contain some 150 etchings, with explanatory text engraved on his plates by the etcher. An illustrated work, the narrative and illustrations of which are in every respect the production of a single person—a book which owes nothing to binder or compositor—is at least a thing for connoisseurs of curious performances.

The *Athenaeum* says: "Lord Lytton was fond of publishing works anonymously; but he usually avowed the authorship after a short time. It is said that the reason he so strictly concealed the fact that he wrote 'The Coming Race' is, that it contains a profession of his faith, a profession he always shrank from making openly. His ideal race believe, it may be recollect, in a Supreme Being, The All-Good, but hold no other dogmas, and use no religious rites."

According to an English paper, the posthumous opera of Balfe, "Il Talismano," which is to be produced in London in the approaching opera season, will probably be the best and most enduring proof of the powers of the lamented composer. Unlike most of his previous works, it received full consideration, and to it all his faculties were devoted, exempt from the pressure of writing to time and to order. We believe that the opera was left in all but a complete state, the conclusion even being sketched out. This sketch Sir Michael Costa has most kindly undertaken to perfect; we need not say with what ability and conscientiousness the task will be performed.

We hear a characteristic story of Mr. Dickens' An Oxford undergraduate, with the natural modesty of the race, sent to the editor of *Household Words*, at the end of the Crimean war, a copy of verses on the return of the Guards, with this note: "Sir—Understanding that you insert Rhymes in your Serial, I send you some." To which Dickens answered, "Sir—We do not insert Rhymes without Reason."

A correspondent of *The Trade Circular* obtained the following letter from Mr. Boutwell, stating decidedly that it is no less than smuggling for even ministers to import a single copy of a foreign book through the mails without payment of duty: "In reply to your letter as to the right of individuals to receive foreign books through the mails free of duty, I have to state that books imported in this manner are no more exempt from duty than when imported in the ordinary manner. The postal treaty between Great Britain and the United States permits the importation of books through the mails, but they are, on arrival in this country, the subject of entry and payment of such duty as may be found due thereon."

The *Chess Record* is the title of a new monthly magazine, published in Philadelphia under the management of Mr. G. Reichhelm, formerly editor of the well-known chess department of the *Evening Bulletin*.

It is characteristic of the game of chess that it has remarkable vicissitudes of popularity, which apparently depend on the strength and genius of its leading magnates at any given time. When Staunton and St. Amant played their famous match, chess tables were set out in half the drawing rooms and salons of England and France, the daily newspapers published the games of the match from day to day, and society was plunged into discussion concerning the merit of this or that move, or the relative force of the players. When the star of Paul Morphy rose, higher and brighter, perhaps, than that of any chess player who ever lived, the same kind of effect was witnessed on both sides of the Atlantic. The number of chess clubs was prodigiously increased. Almost everybody set to work to at least learn "the moves." Chess talk filled columns of the journals. The diplomacy that suggested the acceptance or refusal of matches was pictured in an actual literature of its own. Books were printed, devoted exclusively to the subject, and found large and profitable sale. Men of prominence and distinction sought, or gladly accepted office in the various chess clubs. The players of a decent game found that faculty alone a passport to good society. In a word, chess was the rage and almost everybody bowed to the reigning idol. But now all that is changed. Mr. Morphy, for good reasons of his own, retired from the checkered field. The fillip to national pride afforded by his towering and unparalleled success was gradually forgotten. People began to cease to talk chess, and to wonder who could give this player a knight or the other a rook. The New York Chess Club dwindled, numerically, away, and now holds its meetings in one little room in the Society Library. One scarcely ever sees a chess board. The game seems for the time to have lost its charm; and this is true, although in a

less degree, in Europe as well as in this country. London and Paris chess clubs, formerly crammed with habitues, have of late years been comparatively deserted. But the darkest night is followed by day, and the protracted gloom that has hung over the royal game is at last relieved by gleams of light. The two rival Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have resolved to add to their struggles at rowing, cricket, and billiards, annual competitions at chess. In truth, the first series of matches between the standard-bearers of the "dark" and "light" blue, has just been finished in London. Oxford won, scoring nine games against two, with two draws—a very decided victory. Some of the greatest of living players witnessed the match, which took place at the London Chess Club, and it has had the effect to revive interest in chess in quite a lively manner. A Russian player of note, Herr Zukertort, turned up at the meeting, and offered to play twelve simultaneous games blindfold. He could only be accommodated with six antagonists, all strong, and, after play described as extremely rapid as well as brilliant, he won two games, drew three, and lost only one. Among the noted players present, those familiar with chess literature will recognize the names of Harrwitz, Boden, Lowenthal, Steinitz, Bird, Mossop, and others. The proceedings were ended by a brilliant supper-party given by the club, and by arrangements to proceed regularly with the matches hereafter. The event is chiefly significant as being the first move in a chess revival, which will probably extend to this country, and rouse our leading players to fresh efforts to retain the championship which America may be said fairly to have gained. We understand that overtures have been made to Mr. Morphy to induce him to join in a grand tournament which it is proposed to hold at the Vienna Exposition. Of the twenty millions of people who are expected to take part in that great show, a fair proportion may be supposed to be interested in chess, and a tournament of the kind suggested, and attended by the strongest living experts, would undoubtedly stir up the chess fever again throughout Europe, and probably—especially if Mr. Morphy participates—cause it to extend to the United States. We shall not be sorry to witness such revival of interest in a game, the general tendency of which is certainly that of stimulating the intellectual faculties, and on which the time bestowed is not usually abstracted from worthier pursuits.—*N. Y. Times*.

At a meeting of friends and admirers of the late Mr. Knight, held at Mr. Routledge's house, a committee was formed to collect subscriptions for a memorial to the deceased. The form which the memorial shall take has not yet been decided on. There is a talk of founding a free library at Windsor, to be called the Knight Library.

Mrs. Somerville's scientific library is bequeathed to the Girton College for Ladies. Mr. Babbage's library was sold intact to a collector for something under £500.

The *Athenaeum* says: "In view of Lord Lytton's burying-place it is singular that, five times in the last four leaves of 'Kenelm Chillingly' occur the words 'Victory or Westminster Abbey!'"

Mr. William Longman, F. A. S., author of "The Life and Times of Edward the Third," is engaged upon a work called "The History of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul, from the Foundation of the First Building in the Sixth Century to the Proposals for the Adornment of the Present Cathedral." The book will be enriched with numerous illustrations, including a series of plates of restorations of old St. Paul's, by Mr. E. B. Ferrey.

The clever bibliographer, M. Gustave Brunet, who is by no means to be confounded with his namesake, the author of the "Manuel du Libraire," has just edited "Les Livres à Clefs," which forms the complement of the Posthumous Works of J. M. Quérard. Everybody in Paris knew well that inquisitive literary detective, who, having fairly caught his man by the button-hole, would never let him escape before having screwed out of him all he possibly knew, conjectured, or suspected about his literary friends. "Les Livres à Clefs" is no doubt a valuable addition to the "Supercheries Littéraires."

Messrs. Lippincott have just published "Macbeth," being Vol. II. of the New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Also, a new illustrated edition of "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens. 2 vols., 8vo. 43 Steel Plates.

Among the books that perished during the burning of the Tuilleries was a famous copy of the seventy volume edition of Voltaire, published at Kehl in 1781. This copy, which had been destined for the Empress of Russia, was on large paper, with proof impressions of 108 engravings, from drawings by Moreau; in addition to which, it had bound up with it the original drawings from which the engravings were taken; altogether a very choice work and magnificently bound in red morocco. Why it never reached the hands of the Empress Catharine, for whom it was destined, has not been explained. After passing, however, from one possessor to another, at length it came into the hands of M. Double, for the sum of 13,500 francs. By that gentleman, it was put up to auction, and bought for the Emperor Napoleon for only 9,025 francs. The Empress Eugénie, upon seeing it, was so much struck with the work, its beautiful designs and handsome binding, that she at once besought the Emperor to present it to her for her private library. With some little difficulty she

obtained her request, and the rare Voltaire found a place among the 6,000 volumes which constituted the Empress's private library. But, alas! all these perished in the conflagration which signalized the close of the reign of the Commune in Paris. This was not, however, the only illustrated copy of Voltaire in existence. A Paris bookseller now announces one, profusely illustrated, Beuchot's edition, *Paris, 1834, 72 tomes, bound in 77*, which may be had for the modest sum of 35,000 francs. This copy, it appears, is enriched with as many as 3,000 portraits and vignettes, all of the choicest kind, which were brought together under the direction of an American gentleman residing in Paris, who is a great admirer of the philosopher of Ferney.

Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart, the well-known author of "The Angler's Companion," and other works on the "gentle art," is about to publish a volume of poems.

The author of the "Pilgrims and the Shrine," "Higher Law," &c., has a new work in the press. It purports to be an historical romance of the Future, no Utopia, but a representation of society, with the present problems worked out to what the author deems their proper or probable issue.

The *Athenaeum* says: "An English lady, residing in Paris, Miss Anna Blackwell, has had printed for private circulation a pamphlet entitled 'Spiritualism and Spiritualism,' which contains some rather strange revelations of the intercourse that goes on between those highly-favored beings, mediums, and the world of disembodied spirits. Miss Blackwell claims to be the first who introduced the knowledge of Spiritualism into France, so long ago as 1850, and she is now the first, she informs us, to lay before English readers the far more intellectual and refined doctrine of Spiritualism. This doctrine, it seems, involves a belief in the re-incarnation of souls, something like the metempsychosis of the ancients, its chief modern exponent being the late M. Allan Kardec. Some disembodied souls, according to the communications made to mediums, become re-incarnated sooner than others. These others wander about, often for hundreds of years, as a punishment for their sins, without being re-incarnated. Mediums of a superior discernment, according to Miss Blackwell, are gifted with the power of knowing what was their own previous condition on earth. This was the case, it seems, with Allan Kardec, who alleged himself to have been, in a former state of life, no other than John Huss, the celebrated reformer. This is going back some hundreds of years, but is nothing to the antiquity of Miss Blackwell's own previous existence. She informs us that she has authentic evidence, revealed to her by two spirits, that so far back as the year 3543 B.C. she held the distinguished position of a Princess of Abyssinia, in a nation of which she had been born and brought up."

sinia. It was her father of that date who first communicated this to her, and the intelligence has since been confirmed by another spirit, with whom she has held the following dialogue : 'Are you a friend?' 'Enemy.'—'Of this life?' 'No, long ago.'—'In what quarter of the globe?' 'Africa.'—'What country?' 'Abysinia.'—'Before or after Christ?' 'Before.'—'How many years?' '3543.'—'What was I?' 'King's daughter.'—'Was I good?' 'Wicked and ugly.'—'What were you?' 'Your attendant.' We have no doubt that Miss Blackwell is quite the reverse now of what her African attendant represents her to have been in the year 3543 B.C.; but it is a terrible thing to have one's ugliness and sins cast in one's teeth so many thousand years after it might have been thought they were forgotten. We wonder whether Pythagoras had any such messages brought to him respecting his doings in the character of Euphorbus, when warring on the plains of Troy."

The *Graphic*, referring to a clever drawing representing an encounter between the late Emperor Napoleon III. and Mr. Lamb at the famous Eglington tournament in 1839, says that it was only on this one occasion (a sort of burlesque *mélée* in which the knights engaged with mops and broomsticks) that the prince took any active part in the proceedings. This does not agree precisely with the account given by Curling in his "Field of the Cloth of Gold." According to him it was a much more serious affair—a trial of skill which came off before the *mélée*—the combatants being in panoply of steel, and armed with ponderous swords. "Both," he says, "were excellent swordsmen," and the prince he describes as "a picture of a small edition of Hercules, simply as strong a man for his inches as any in Illyria." From this account, so far from being child's play, it appears to have been an uncommonly sturdy broadsword bout, in which very considerable skill and physical strength were shown on both sides, and to have terminated, not in the defeat of Prince Louis Napoleon, but in a fair parting amid the loud applause of the spectators.

"The English Catalogue of Books Published during 1863 to 1871 Inclusive, Comprising also the Imported American Publications," will soon be ready for delivery. This volume, occupying over 450 pages, shows the titles of 32,000 new books and new editions issued during nine years, with the size, price, and publisher's name, list of Learned Societies, Printing Clubs, and other Literary Associations, and the books issued by them; as also the Publishers' Series and Collections.

In Mr. Ruskin's late edition of his own works, he says: "Of America I usually say nothing, because as a nation they set their truth in liberty and equality, of which I detest the one and deny the possibility of the other."

Douglas Jerrold said one day he would make a pun upon any thing his friends would put to him. A friend asked whether he could pun upon the signs of the zodiac, to which he promptly replied, "By Gemini, I Can-cer."

Mrs. Grote has completed the memoirs of her late husband.

Speaking of Bulwer, the *Athenaeum* says that the following inscription, hitherto unpublished, is embazoned round the banqueting-hall of his old ancestral home of Knebworth. The words are these :

Read the Rede of this Old Roof Tree.
Here be trust fast. Opinion free.
Knightly Right Hand. Christian knee.
Worth in all. Wit in some.
Laughter open. Slander dumb.
Hearth where rooted Friendships grow,
Safe as Altar even to Foe.
And the sparks that upwards go
When the hearth flame dies below,
If thy sap in them may be,
Fear no winter, Old Roof Tree.

An auction of an unusual kind took place the other day in London. The whole of the magical apparatus, wardrobes, curiosities and properties of Professor Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," were disposed of by public auction, the sale attracting a large gathering of the members of the theatrical profession in Liverpool. The articles offered included the entire paraphernalia of a magician, amongst the lots being magic fans, card and cigar cases, cabinets, chairs, tables, lanterns, muskets, etc. The bidding was very spirited, and some of the lots fetched very large prices.

The Art papers, by Mr. Beavington Atkinson, that appeared in the *Portfolio*, *Saturday Review*, and elsewhere, including an article on Thorwaldsen, will be reprinted by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of "An Art Trip in Northern Capitals."

An interesting sale of French books, from the library of a Bordeaux amateur, took place in Paris last week, under the direction of M. Potier. Among the books disposed of we select the following : "Essais de Montaigne," first edition, 1580, 8vo, 37.; "Alain Chartier," 1529, 44.; "Champion des Dames," 1530, 36.; "Œuvres de Baïf," 4 vols., 57.; "Œuvres Satiriques de Corneille Blessebois," Leyde, 1676, 60l. 16s.; "Œuvres de Pierre Corneille," 2 vols., 1644-47, 154.; the same, 1648, 2 vols., 84/- 4s.; Molière, "Le Mariage forcé," first edition, 36.; from the same, "Amphitryon," 42. 8s.; "Œuvres de Racine," 1679, 2 vols., 35l. 8s.; "La Princesse de Clèves," original edition, 36l. 16s.; "Chroniques de St. Denis," 1514, 62.; "Froissart and Monstrelet, 1505-12, 84.; "Œuvres de Mollière," 1666, 2 vols., 89/-.

Mr. G. H. Lewes, whose admirable "History of Philosophy" was one of the best cheap books published by the late Charles Knight, has finished a work of general philosophy that he has long had in hand, to be entitled "Problems of Life and Mind."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Old Proverbs.—The following are culled from Dr. Henshaw's little work entitled *Horæ Successivæ*, of which the fifth edition was published in 1640. It is curious to observe how slightly the wording of these brief lessons of human experience has varied in the course of two centuries:

As the tree falls so it lies.

Beggars must not be choosers.

Every [prudent] man lays up for a hard winter and a rainy day.

Every man for himself and God for us all—a common position, but an ungodly one.

Friends, like stone, get nothing by rolling.

He which will be intimate with many is entirely none's.

Home is home be it never so homely.

He runs far that never turns.

Ill weeds grow apace.

In a pit, the more we stir, the more we are mired.

Lightly come, lightly go.

Many a little make a mickle.

Malice never wants a mark.

Men usually measure others by their own bushels.

Never any man came to heaven for his good looks.

Needs must he swim that is held up by the chin.

One man's meat proves another man's poison.

One good turn requires another.

One bird in the hand above five in the bush.

Sleep is but death's elder brother.

The receiver is as bad as the thief.

The end crowns us.

The fool, while he is silent, is not discovered.

To come, and not worthily, is to be more bold than welcome.

When zeal runs without discretion's warrant, it commonly makes more haste than good speed.

WM. UNDERHILL.

William and Mary.—The closing passage in Macaulay's *History* describing the end of King William, runs as follows:

"When his remains were laid out, it was found that he wore next to his skin a small piece of black silk riband. The lords in waiting ordered it to be taken off. It contained a gold ring and a lock of the hair of Mary."

The manner in which this fact is stated by Robert Fleming in his *Practical Discourse occasioned by the Death of King William*, is so much more effective as to give the paragraph a claim to appear as a foot-note in the next edition:

"I shall only add one further instance of his unalterable love to the Queen, which I had from his first physician and true friend" [Godfrey Bidloo] "that closed his eyes and stretch'd him out; that the ring with which he wedded her, was found hanging by a black ribbon upon his arm, after he was dead."

CALCUTTENSIS.

Fagin-ism in the Sixteenth Century.—In Ellis's *Original Letters*, Mr. Recorder Fleetwood informs Lord Treasurer Burghley that,

"One Wotton, a gentleman borne . . . fallinge by tyme into decaye, kepte an alehouse att Smart's keye neere Byllingesgate . . . and in the same howse he procured all the cutt-purses abowt this citie to repaire to his said howse. There was a schole howse sett upp to learne younge boyes to cut purses. There were hung up two devises—the one was a pockett, the other was a purse. The pockett had in yt certen cownters, and was hunge abouit with hawkes bellis, and over the toppe did hanng a litle sacring bell; and he that could take owt a cownter without any noyse, was allowed to be a publicque Hoister: and he that could take a peice of sylver owt of the purse without the noyse of any of the bellis, he was adjudged a judicall Nypper. Note that a Hoister is a Pick-pockett, and a Nypper is termed a Pick-pocket or a Cut-pocket."

It is hard not to believe that Dickens "when found, made a note of" this passage, and turned it to good account in his *Oliver Twist*.

NECNE.

American Army.—In the Report for the year 1869, the United States Secretary of the Interior mentioned that the last surviving American soldier of the Revolutionary War died in that year; but that 888 widows of such soldiers still survive, and receive pensions. How many of these old women are now in existence?

Y. S. M.

Captain Michael Jordan, Commander of the "Boyne," 1756.—There is an old couplet—part of a song:

"Give Admiral Byng the halter,
To Jordan the Star and Garter."

I believe that in some periodical of those days, there is a sketch of Capt. M. Jordan, who was a very successful commander just at the time when Byng was the reverse. Can any of your readers help me to discover where this account is to be found?

EPHRAS.

Thirteen to Dinner.—What is the true origin of the superstition that for thirteen to dine together is unlucky? Is the superstition a widely spread one? Can it, or can it not, be traced to the Last Supper?

C. T. W.

Men and Manners in Paris in 1801.—The writer of the following letter was Lord Brome, who accompanied his father, the Marquis Cornwallis, to France, when peace was made between England and Bonaparte—then First Consul. It will be found to be a graphic and amusing picture of a state of manners, the very opposite, it may be said, in every respect, from what then prevailed in England:

"Amiens, Dec. 12, 1801.

"The whole time I was in Paris, I was much in the same situation as a country booby who comes to London for the first time, running about the town gazing and staring at everything. . . . My time was really occupied almost totally by sights in the morning and society in the evening; by society I mean great dinners of 40 or 50 people, with the dress of mountebanks and manners of assassins. We had occasionally a mixture of ladies at these dinners, among whom the most conspicuous is Talleyrand's mistress, who is an old East Indian acquaintance of yours; her name is Gandy; she is very like him, and he is like everything that is detestable.

"I had only one opportunity of seeing Bonaparte. . . . There is nothing, in my opinion, very striking in his appearance, except the state of fear and alarm he appears to be in, and which is certainly very unbecoming in a hero, but is very natural in his situation, which is undoubtedly very precarious.

"We went to see the opening of the Session of the Corps Législatif, and really no puppet-show could be more ridiculous. My father was received with military honors by the guard (*for there is a guard everywhere to defend the liberties of the people*), and after being introduced to some of the principal members, was ushered into the hall, where, after we had waited some time, the doors flew open, and the members entered, marching two and two to military music. After they had taken their places, and the sentinels were stationed at the doors (inside of the hall), there came in a man dressed in a sort of a mountebank dress, who, it was natural to imagine, was going to exhibit on the tight-rope, but who turned out to be our friend Citizen Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, who made them a speech requesting them to choose their President, and to proceed to business, which, when he had retired, they accordingly did; it consisted in the President reading two or three letters, one of which was from an artist, making them a present of an engraving of one of Bonaparte's victories, and another from some patriotic bookseller, begging their acceptance of an almanac. After this we retired, and, though the President was still reading, the guard turned out, and the band struck up, without the least regard to his dignity.

"I hope this specimen will allay any apprehensions you may have entertained of the contagion of French liberty; indeed, I believe Windham would find it difficult to discover any Jacobin principle in the Constitution, which is certainly the most despotic that ever existed in any country."

This letter is taken from a truly valuable work—Mr. Charles Ross's "Correspond-

ence of Charles, First Marquis Cornwallis," vol. iii., pp. 410, 411. (London, Murray, 1859.)

W. B. MAC CABE.

Bromley's Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits.—In Period ix, Class ix, 2d subdivision, p. 438, is mentioned:

"Sarah Gyles (or Giles in index) Daughter of James G., Enameller . . . Unique. Painted by W. Lawanson, engraved by B. Reading."

Can any one inform me as to the original, the print, or the people themselves; and whether Giles was at all eminent as an enameller; or refer me to any work by which I might discover?

L. H. H.

Rowland Taylor.—An exquisite poem (said to be by Whittier), entitled "The last Farewell of Rowland Taylor, burnt for heresy, A.D. 1555," is in several of the journals. Who was Rowland Taylor? The poem mentions "St. Botolph's ancient tower," but that affords no clue. There are many churches dedicated to St. Botolph.

STEPHEN JACKSON.

[This doctor and martyr, an ancestor of Jeremy Taylor, was chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer, who appointed him rector of Hadleigh, in Suffolk. In May, 1551, the King conferred on him the Archdeaconry of Exeter, and appointed him one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral. For resisting the celebration of mass in his church he was cited, in 1553, to appear before Gardiner and other bishops, by whom he was sentenced to be burnt. He suffered on the 8th February, 1555, on Aldham Common, near Hadleigh. The spot is marked by a stone, inscribed:

"1555.
R. Taylor, in De-
fending that was good
At this Plas left
his Blode."

"He went to the stake," as he tells us, "in sure hope, without doubting of eternal salvation, believing steadfastly, as the true catholic faith is, that Christ hath but two natures, perfect God and perfect man; that upon this rock Christ Church is builded, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." He knew that "he had undoubtedly seen the true trace of the prophetic, primitive Catholic Church, and was resolved that nothing should lead him out of that way, society and rule." Consult Rose's *Biographical Dictionary*, and Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*.—Ed.]

The Woolsack.—What was the origin of the woolsack on which the Lord Chancellor is seated in the British House of Lords?

F. W. T.

[In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an Act of Parliament was passed to prevent the exportation of English Wool; and the more effectually to secure this source of national wealth, the *woolsacks*, on which the judges sit in the House of Lords, were placed there to remind them that, in their judicial capacity, they ought to have a constant eye to the preservation of this staple commodity of the kingdom. Smith, in his "Memoirs of Wool, &c.", 1756, vol. ii., p. 310, has the following note:—"Here then, if we may be indulged a conjecture touching the original of *wool-sacks* in the *House of Lords*, as a notable memorial of great consequence, we should imagine it to have been, if at all, some time, during this struggle (*temp. Edward I. to the 22d of Edward III.*) ; to perpetuate the remembrance of a noble stand made upon that occasion, and of an allowed indefeasible right in the subject, not to be saddled with any tax or imposition, by other authority than that of Parliament. This is not unworthy, nor altogether improbable. Another reason assigned, cannot be the true one; because they had been immemorially there; and by tradition, whether well grounded or not, as a remembrance or token of somewhat considerable, before it was so much as thought of, to prohibit absolutely the exportation of *wool* from this realm."—ED.]

Turner's Liber Studiorum.—The recent sale by auction of the plates of the *Liber Studiorum* which lay so long concealed in the house in Queen Anne street, forms so remarkable an incident in the history of English Art, that I think it highly desirable that the record should be transferred to the pages of the *Bibliopolist*, where it will be easily accessible for reference in time to come.

The following are the particulars of this portion of the sale, extracted from the London *Times* of Wednesday, March 26th, 1873. The entire sale occupied two days. The first day's sale, and the earlier portion of the second day's, I have omitted, as being of a miscellaneous character, without any very special interest.

The prices are given, with the names of the purchasers:

Turner's *Liber Studiorum*; a complete set of the 71 plates, mounted in plain ungilt frames, 850 guineas (A. Buckley).

Three other sets of the same, in portfolios, 970 guineas (Agnew).

Six other sets of the same, 2,205 guineas (Ward); an average of 365 guineas the set.

Six other sets of the same work, 2,000 guineas (Messrs. Agnew); an average of 335 guineas the set.

Three other sets of the same, 1,140 guineas (Ward); an average of 380 guineas the set.

One complete set of the same, 410 guineas (Cassell).

Two more sets of the same, 550 guineas (Ward).

Two other sets, wanting plate 69, 360 guineas (Colnaghi).

One set of the same, wanting plate 69, 260 guineas (Agnew).

One set of the same, wanting also the plate, 170 guineas (Morton).

One set of the same, wanting the plate, 190 guineas (M'Lean).

Lastly, five other sets of the same work, wanting plates 67 and 69, 610 guineas (Colnaghi); being an average of 122 guineas the set.

The 32 complete sets realized upwards of 10,000.

Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, a set of 57 etching, wanting Nos. 44, 55, 60 and 70. The etchings of No. 44 are extremely rare, and of Nos. 55, 60 and 70 no etchings exist. 260 guineas (Agnew).

Turner's *Liber Studiorum*, a subscriber's copy, containing plates Nos. 1 to 51, bound in morocco, 70 guineas (Conway).

The second day's sale produced the large sum of 12,636*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

J. A. PICTON.

English Blunders.—A writer in *Notes and Queries*; 4th S., xi., 73, states that the word "Jerrymandering" ("of American origin") has been adopted into their (English) political vocabulary. The American word is *Gerrymander[ing]*, derived from the name of (Elbridge) Gerry, as explained in Webster's Dictionary.

Another (*N. & Q.*, 4th S., xi., 222), in answer to a query respecting "a Bee Line," refers the querist to "the Gold *Beetle*" of Edgar Poe.

But the following is a blunder of a different kind, and something worse besides. Slander, shall we say? The London Bookseller's scorn of the *American College of Heraldry*, worries him thus severely:

"Arms, orders and insignia are not recognized in the United States, but all enlightened citizens like to trace their pedigrees back to some chivalrous Norman or Dutch noble, and it is an additional honor if the bar sinister can be emblazoned on their shields."—Bookseller, March, 1873, 202.

G. L. H.

Greenville, Ala.

The Oldest Existing American Newspaper.—You and other tyros continue to speak of the *Newport Mercury* as the oldest American Newspaper extant; every one should know that the *New Hampshire Gazette* is two years its senior.

J. MUNSELL.

[We give a place to our correspondent's correction; but if he will again read the paragraph to which he refers, he will find that we quoted Mr. Hudson's "History of Journalism in the United States" as the authority for our statement.—ED.]

Author Wanted.—In "Hearne's Antiquities of Great Britain," oblong folio, 1786, there is a fine old plate of the Ruins of Malmesbury Abbey, under which is the following inscription:

"———O! it pities us
To see these antique towers and hallowed walls
Split with the winter's frost, or mouldring down,
Their very Ruins ruin'd. The crush'd Pavement,
Time's marble register, deep overgrown
With Hemlock, or rank Furnatory, hides
Together with their perishable mold
The brave man's trophies, and the good man's praise,
Envying the worth of buried Ancestry!"

Can you favor me with the author?

J. L. G.

Talleyrand on Napoleon.—Dr. J. H. New-
man says, "Talleyrand noted it as one of
Napoleon's three great political mistakes,
that he quarrelled with the Pope." What
were the two other mistakes?

CYRIL.

"A light heart and a thin pair of
breeches."—Whence comes this bit of non-
sense? I heard it years ago from my
father, as a scrap of an old song:

"Then why should we sigh after riches,
Its troubles, its cares, or its joys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Go through the world, my brave boys!"

I could never see the wit of it—if it had
any. In a letter from Mrs. Scott to Mrs.
Robinson ("A Lady of the Last Century,"
by Dr. Doran, 1873, p. 243), dated De-
cember 31, 1778, the writer says:—"On
my brother Robinson's return from Burfield
he will be in better spirits, as a light heart
and a thin pair of breeches is a conjunction
he has little notion of."

J.

Robertson's Sermons.—In a sermon on
"The Loneliness of Christ" (preached
December 31, 1849), the Rev. F. W.
Robertson writes:—"There are moments
known only to a man's own self, when he
sits by the poisoned springs of existence,
yearning for a morrow which shall free
him from the strife." Where is the orig-
inal of this quotation to be found?

H. W.

Christopher Lee Sugg.—I have just
picked up an old engraving, in good condi-
tion, representing a tall elderly person with
grey hair, in a standing position, habited
in a frock-coat and trousers, over which is
a long cloak with large cape and fur collar,
fastening with a thistle; over these, sus-
pended from the shoulders by a long chain,
hangs a square and compass with the letter
"G" in the centre. Under the print is
the following inscription, of which I send
an exact copy:

"W. Matthews, Christopher Lee Sugg, Sculpt.
Professor of Internal Elocution. This print is (by
permission) dedicated to His Grace the Most Noble
George Duke of Marlborough, &c. By His Grace's
most grateful and most humble servant, the Professor,
C. L. S."

Can any one tell me who C. L. S. was,
or whether the print is a caricature, and if
so, of whom, and to which Duke (the
third or fourth) it was dedicated, as the
date is not inserted?

C. D. FAULKNER.

[Christopher Lee Sugg, the ventriloquist and pro-
fessor of internal elocution, died at Newport, Isle of
Wight, on Oct. 17, 1831, aged eighty-five. His
brethren of the Masonic Order administered to the
wants of the aged wanderer, and attended his remains
to the grave.—ED.]

Complete.—"Messrs. Chase & Town, of
Philadelphia, announce for publication a
new historical magazine. It will be a
complete record of American history and
antiquities, &c."—Bibliopolist, January,
1872, p. 5. Will nothing with regard to
American history or antiquities be omitted?
If anything is omitted, will the record be
complete?

The BIBLIOPOLIST combines "the fea-
tures of the London Notes & Queries, with

a complete catalogue of the works issued from the British and American press during the month."—*Brooklyn Times*. Does it mention every work? If not, is the catalogue complete?

The Churchman, April 15, 1873, has the two following titles among its book notices: "The Biblical Museum: A collection of Notes, explanatory, homiletic and illustrative, forming a complete commentary on the Holy Scriptures." "Potter's complete Bible Encyclopædia." In that sense is either of these works, or any commentary or cyclopædia, complete?

On the catalogue of a book sale a few months ago, it was stated that the collection embraced "a complete law library." There were only some twelve or fifteen law books, and those of the commonest kind.

Has the word *complete* any occult or technical meaning in book craft, or have reviewers and title-page makers only a loose way of using it?

POTOMAC.

[The above statement as to the BIBLIOPOLIST is made by the *Brooklyn Times*, not by us.]

[**To CORRESPONDENTS.**—We shall be glad to receive and publish items—literary, dramatic, or historical—of interest to the readers of the BIBLIOPOLIST. Everything of value to the American Antiquary, Book-worm, or Print Collector, will meet with especial welcome.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS will, we trust, excuse our suggesting to them, both for their sakes as well as our own—

I. That they should write clearly and distinctly—and on one side of the paper only—more especially proper names and words and phrases of which an explanation may be required. We cannot undertake to puzzle out what a Correspondent does not think worth the trouble of writing plainly.

II. That Quotations should be verified by precise references to edition, chapter, and page.

III. CORRESPONDENTS who reply to Queries would add to their obligation by precise reference to volume and page where such Queries are to be found. The omission to do this saves the writer very little trouble, but entails much to supply such omission.

IV. All communications should contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The May and June numbers will be issued together about the 31st.

THE POETS' "ESSAY ON MAN."

What strange infatuation rules mankind,
Chatterton.

What different spheres to human bliss assigned;
Rogers.

To losier things your finer pulses burn,—*C. Sprague.*
If man would but his finer nature learn;—*R. H. Dana.*

What several ways men to their calling have,
Ben Jonson.

And grasp at life though sinking to the grave.
Falconer.

Ask what is human life? the sage replies,—*Cowper.*
Wealth, pomp and honor are but empty toys;
Ferguson.

We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,—*Quarles.*

Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main;—*Burn.*
We only toil who are the first of things,—*Tennyson.*

From labor health, from health contentment springs,
Beattie.

Fame runs before us as the morning star,—*Dryden.*

How little do we know that which we are;—*Byron.*

Let none then here his certain knowledge boast,
Pomfret.

Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost;—*Waller.*

For over all there hangs a cloud of fear,—*Hood.*

All is but change and separation here.—*Steele.*

To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way,
Tim Dewart.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;—*Herbert.*

Be rich in patience if thou in guiles be poor;—*Dubar.*

So many men do stoop to sight unsure;—*G. Whitney.*

Choose out the man to virtue best inclined;—*Rose.*

Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind;—*Langhorne.*

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise;—*C. Agnew.*

Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth, nor safety buys;
Dr. Johnson.

Remembrance worketh with her busy train,
Goldsmith.

Care drawson care, woe comforts woe again;—*Drayton.*

On high estates huge heaps of care attend;—*Webster.*

No joy so great but runneth to an end;—*Soughayl.*

No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear;—*Thomson.*

Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear;
Sher. Knowles.

Grief haunts us down the precipice of years,
W. S. Landor.

Virtue alone no dissolution fears;—*Edw. Moore.*

Time loosely spent will not again be won;—*R. Green.*

What shall I do to be for ever known?—*Cowley.*

But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
Joanna Baillie.

After a thousand mazes overgone;—*Keats.*

In this brief state of trouble and unrest,—*Bern. Barton.*

Man never is, but always to be blest;—*Pope.*

Time is the present hour, the past is fled;—*Marsden.*

O thou Futurity, our hope and dread;—*Elliott.*

How fading are the joys we dote upon;—*Blair.*

Lo! while I speak the present moment's gone;
Oldham.

O Thou Eternal Arbitrator of things,—*Akenside.*

How awful is the hour when conscience stings!
J. G. Percival.

Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast,
J. A. Hillhouse.

The fluttering wish on wing that will not rest;—*Mallatt.*

This above all,—To thine ownself be true,
Shakespeare.
 Learn to live well, that thou mayst die so too.
Sir J. Denham.
 To those that list the world's gay scenes I leave,
Spenser.
 Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.—*Young.*

THE STORY OF LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

Mrs. Isabel Burton writes under date Treist, March 19, to the *Pall Mall Gazette*: Will you allow me to contradict, as the editor of the *Triester Zeitung* has done here, the correspondent at Beyrouth, who writes to the *German Gazette* of Vienna concerning the late Lady Ellenborough? I scarcely know where to begin, but I must do it to keep my last promise to her. I lived for two years at Damascus while my husband, Capt. Burton, was Consul there, and in daily intercourse with the subject of this paragraph. Knowing that after her death all sorts of untruths would appear in the papers, very painful to her family—as, indeed, she was not spared while living—she wished me to write her biography, and gave me an hour a day until it was accomplished. She did not spare herself, dictating the bad with the same frankness as the good. I was pledged not to publish this until after her death and that of certain near relatives; but I am in a position to state that there is a grain of truth to a ton of falsehood in the paragraph from Beyrouth, and, inasmuch as Beyrouth is only seventy-two miles from Damascus, the writer must know that as well as I do. It must have come from a very common source when such English as this is used: "Between Beyrouth and Damascus she got pleased with the camel-driver!" It suggests a discharged lady's maid. I left Damascus just a year and a half ago, in the middle of the night, and she was the last friend to see me out of the city. As she wrung my hand these were her last words: "Do not forget your promise, if I die we never meet again." I replied: "Inshallah, I shall soon return." She rode a black thoroughbred Arab mare, and, as far as I could see anything in the moonlight, her large, sorrowful, blue eyes, glistening with tears, haunted me. I cannot meddle with the past without infringing on the biography confided to me, but I can say a few words concerning her life, dating from her arrival in the East, about sixteen years ago, as told me by herself and by those now living there, and I can add my testimony as to what I saw, which I believe will interest every one in England, from the highest downward, and be a gratification to those more nearly concerned. About sixteen years ago, tired of Europe, Lady Ellenborough conceived the idea of visiting the East, and of imitating Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. (There is also a French lady, Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who has built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there still.) Lady Ellenborough arrived at Beyrouth, and went to Damascus, where she arranged to go to Bagdad across the Desert. A Bedouin escort for this journey was necessary, and, as the Mezrab tribe occupied the ground, the duty of commanding the escort devolved upon Shaykh Mijwai, a young brother of Shaykh Mohammad, chief of this tribe,

which is a branch of the great Anazeh tribe. On the journey the young Shaykh fell in love with this beautiful woman, who possessed all the qualities that could fire the Arab imagination. Even two years ago she was more attractive than half the young girls of our time. It ended by his proposing to divorce his Moslem wives and to marry her; to pass half the year in Damascus (which to him was like what London or Paris would be to us), for her pleasure, and half in the desert, to lead his natural life. The romantic picture of becoming a queen of the desert and of the wild Bedouin tribes exactly suited her wild fancies, and was at once accepted, and she was married in spite of all opposition made by her friends and the British Consulate. She was married according to the Mohammedan law, changed her name to that of the Hon. Mrs. Digby El Mezrab, and was horrified when she found that she had lost her nationality by her marriage, and had become a Turkish subject. For fifteen years she lived, as she died, the faithful and affectionate wife of the Shaykh, to whom she was devotedly attached. Half the year was passed in a very pretty house she built at Damascus, just without the gates of the city, and the other six months were passed according to his nature in the desert, in the Bedouin tents of the tribe. In spite of this hard life, necessitated by accommodating herself to his habits—for they were never apart—she never lost anything of the English lady nor the softness of a woman. She was "grande dame au bout des doigts" in sentiment, voice, manner and speech. She never said or did anything you could wish otherwise. She kept all his respect, and was the mother and queen of his tribe. In Damascus we were only nineteen Europeans, but we all flocked around her with affection and friendship. The natives the same. As to strangers, she only received those who brought a letter of introduction from a friend or relative, but this did not hinder every ill-conditioned passer-by from boasting of his intimacy with the House of Mezrab, and recounting the untruths which he invented, *pour se faire valoir*, or to sell his book or newspaper at a better profit. She understood friendship in its best and fullest sense, and for those who enjoyed her confidence it was a treat to pass the hours with her. She spoke French, Italian, German, Slav, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish and Greek as she spoke her native tongue. She had all the tastes of a country life, and occupied herself alternately with painting, sculpture, music, or with her garden flowers, or poultry, or with her thoroughbred Arab mares, or carrying out some improvement. She was thoroughly a *connaisseur* in each of her amusements or occupations. To the last she was fresh and young; beautiful, brave, refined and delicate. "Bon sang ne peut mentir." Her heart *au fond* was noble; she was charitable to the poor. She regularly attended the Protestant church, and often twice on Sundays. She fulfilled the duties of a good Christian lady and an English woman. She is dead. All those who knew her in her latter days will weep for her. She had but one fault (and who knows if it was hers), washed out by fifteen years of goodness and repentance. Let us hide it, and shame those who seek to drag up the adventures of her wild youth to tarnish so good a memory.



CHARLES KNIGHT

Died March 9, aged 81

OBITUARY.

Charles Knight, so widely known as an author, as well as a publisher, died on the 9th of March, in his eighty-second year. He was born in 1791, at Windsor, where his father carried on the business of a bookseller. Charles was brought up to the same profession, but early turned his attention to publishing. We believe his first attempt in this line was *The Etonian*, a periodical supported by the Eton boys, and which—in spite of its juvenility—obtained a considerable reputation. He soon removed to London, where he became a general publisher, and issued *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, which contained many of the first literary attempts of Lord Macaulay, Chauncey Hare Townsend, and Praed. Mr. Knight discontinued the *Magazine* after its sixth number, and gradually extended his field of business as a publisher of miscellaneous books, gaining the support of many persons of high reputation and influence. Despite discouraging circumstances he steadily matured his plans for the establishment of a "cheap and wholesome literature for the people." In 1827 he became connected with the newly-founded "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," which suddenly started into being under the auspices of such men as Brougham, Tooke, Grote, Lubbock, Russell, Lefevre, Hobhouse and the rest of the leaders of free thought and liberal opinions. He now commenced the publication of the "British Almanac and Companion"—which has ever since annually proved a storehouse of "useful" information on subjects connected with education, statistics, and other branches of social and political economy—and of his well-known "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." This "Library" Mr. Knight followed up by the "Penny Magazine" and the "Penny Cyclopaedia," on which last he spent for literature and engravings alone the large sum of £40,000, and in producing which he had to pay to the Excise, for paper duty, no less a sum than £16,500. For about twenty years this connection with the "Useful Knowledge Society" continued, until, indeed, its leaders and Council thought that the time was come when individual enterprise would be able to carry out to a successful issue the various plans which they had inaugurated. Accordingly, other important works were now commenced by Mr. Knight on his own account. The "Penny Magazine" had acted as a pioneer, and prepared the road for these, of which, as Mr. Knight tells us, the "Pictorial Bible" was the most successful as a permanent work, and the "pictorial" edition of the "Arabian Knights" the most beautiful in artistic execution. These were followed by the "Pictorial Shakespeare," which he styles "the most congenial undertaking of his literary life;" the "Pictorial London," the most strictly antiquarian; and the "Pictorial History of England."

All these enterprises were pecuniarily successful, excepting the "Penny Cyclopaedia." In 1848 Mr. Knight published "The Land We Live In"—a work descriptive of Great Britain. In 1855 he was induced, by a suggestion in the *London Times*, to begin the publication of a "Popular History of England," which was issued in numbers and completed in eight years. It is not too much to say that this is by far the best, widest, and wisest History of England ever issued. Not by any means the best written or the most brilliant, but a *history of the people for the people*, not a mere record of the lives of the sovereigns and the doings of the court. He also published "Old England, a Pictorial Museum of Natural Antiquities," "Half Hours with the Best Authors," "Cyclopaedia of the Industry of All Nations," a "Life of Caxton," "Knowledge is Power," and the "English Cyclopaedia" (22 vols.), which is based on the "Penny Cyclopaedia," but is a great advance even on that admirable work, and, in fact, forms the most complete and accurate cyclopaedia in the world.

In 1863 Mr. Knight withdrew from active business life, and retired to pass the rest of his days in his native town. In his retirement, however, his indomitable energy and active mind would not allow him to rest, although his life had now extended beyond "three score years and ten;" he gave to the world "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," and "Passages of a Working Life;" the first a genial, pleasant, gossiping book; the last, one of the most interesting autobiographies ever penned. In his private life he was an amiable, lovable man. Few men made less enemies; even the bitter-tongued Douglas Jerrold, who could plunge a stiletto-pointed jest into the bosom of a saint, so that he could make his mark, softened to Charles Knight. "Ah, Douglas," said the publisher-author to his friend, as they parted towards the small hours, after a long sitting, "who'll write my epitaph, and what will it be?" "I'll give you one," said the wit, as he shook hands and parted, "Good (K)night." And so say we, good night, old friend; you have "fought a good fight;" *Requiescat in pace.*

The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel, the eminent preacher, died at Stamford, on January 19, aged 74. He had been in declining health for some time. He was one of the younger sons, and sixteenth child, of Sir Gerard Noel-Noel, Bart., by his wife, Diana, Baroness Barham. Baptist Noel was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; and some years before his retirement, from ill-health, was regarded as one of the most popular preachers in London. On entering his 71st year in 1868, he resigned his chapel in John street, but still continued to preach occasionally. His secession from the Church of England, in 1849, during the litigation of the Gorham case, was followed by his adopting the principles of the sect on which Ben Jonson pours his utmost wealth of sarcasm. Mr. Baptist Noel's contributions to literature were numerous: "Notes of a Tour through Ireland, 1836," "Christian Missions to Heathen Lands," sermons on various subjects, "Essay on Union of Church and State," "Essay on Christian Baptism," "Letters on the Church of Rome," "A Tour in Piedmont," "Freedom and Slavery in America," &c.

THACKERAY.

The pure humorist is one of the rarest of literary characters. His nature is not content with detecting foibles, nor his pen with pointing them out for derision; his purpose is infinitely higher and nobler. The humorist must have emotions, nerves, sensibilities, and that marvellous sympathy with human nature which enables him to change places at will with other members of his species. Humor does not produce the sneer of Voltaire; it rather smiles through the tear of Montaigne. "True humor," it has been wisely said, "springs not more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity; exalting as it were into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us. It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence of a deep, fine and loving nature." Without humor society would exist in Icelandic snows; wit, like the winter sun, might glint upon the icebergs, but they would not be plastic in his glance—calm, lofty and cold they must remain. But humor is the summer heat that generates while it smiles—the power which touches dead things and revivifies them with its generous warmth and geniality. Wit engages and amuses the individual intellect; humor knits hearts together; is, in truth, in a broad sense, that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Now the world may be regarded as being composed of three classes, namely, those of us who laugh, those *with* whom we laugh, and those *at* whom we laugh; and the tenderest solicitude is experienced by each unit of humanity lest, through some fortuitous circumstances, he should irretrievably find himself a denizen of the last-named class. To some of the first class is given the power of directing the laughter of others, and this power is current as wit; when to

the faculty of originating ridicule is added the power of concentrating pity or pathos upon the subject, this may be styled humor. But the irony must be subjugated to the feeling. The heart must love while the countenance may smile. It will, then, be perceived, in view of these distinctions, how the humorist may assert a claim in all great and essential things superior to that which can be advanced by the wit. Humorists are the salt of the national intellectual life. England, who occasionally claims a questionable superiority in some respects over other nations, may, in the growth of genuine humor, be allowed the preëminence, Germany approaching her perhaps in the nearest degree. What other literature, since the days of Elizabeth, can show such a roll of humorists as that which is inscribed with the names (amongst others) of Richardson, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Smollet, Fielding, Sterne and Goldsmith? Yet after the closing names of this galaxy a dearth was witnessed like that which immediately preceded their advent. It appears as though the soil of literature, having grown to its utmost capacity, the product of humor demanded time to recuperate its powers. During the past thirty or forty years another growth sprang up, and Hood, Lamb and other inheritors of the marvellous gift, have enriched the world with the perfume of their lives and works. Amongst the latest band of humorists, however, there is no name more remarkable or more justly distinguished than that which is now under consideration.

From the operation of various causes, the works of Thackeray have not hitherto enjoyed a circulation commensurate with their intrinsic merits. The sale of the best of his writings in his life-time fell far short of the popular demand for the works of Scott or Dickens. But their hold on society, and the recognition of their permanent value and excellence, have gone on steadily increasing with each succeeding year, and very recently a new and complete edition of them has been issued, which is within the reach of all readers.* At this

* The Kensington edition in 12 vols., to which the writer here alludes, is published in this country by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co.

period, then, it may be fitting to consider the life's work of this deepest and purest of modern English satirists.

It was in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* that the first substantial recognition of the genius of the author of "Vanity Fair" appeared; a quarter of a century has elapsed since then; but in the short period between that epoch in his career and his death, a rapid succession of brilliant works issued from his pen—a pen facile to charm, to instruct and to reprove. These works have fully justified the terms of praise in which we referred to his first great fiction. Yet it would be difficult to name a writer of fiction of equal excellence who had so little of the inventive and imaginative faculty. Keenness of observation and a nice appreciation of character supplied him with all the materials of his creations. He wrote from the experience of life, and the foibles of mankind which he satirized were those that had fallen under his notice in the vicissitudes of his own career, or might sometimes be traced in the recesses of his own disposition. The key, therefore, to Thackeray's works is to be found in his life, and few literary biographies would be more interesting, if it were written with a just and discriminating pen. We would venture to suggest to his accomplished daughter, who has shown by her own writings that some at least of his gifts have descended to her by inheritance, that she should undertake a task which no one else can fulfil with so natural and delicate a feeling of her father's genius. Probably it might already have been attempted, but for the extreme repugnance of Thackeray himself to allow his own person to be brought before the world, or to suffer the sanctity of private correspondence to be invaded. Nobody wrote more amusing letters; but he wrote them not for the public. As it is, even his birth and descent have not been correctly stated in the current works of the day. His great grandfather was in the Church, once master of Harrow, and afterwards an arch-deacon. He had seven sons, one of whom, also named William Makepeace Thackeray, entered the Civil Service of India, became a Member of Council, and sat at the Board with Warren Hastings, some of whose minutes he signed. The son of this gentleman and the father of our novelist, was Richmond Thackeray, also a Civil servant,

who died in 1816, at the early age of thirty. Thackeray himself was born at Calcutta, in 1811, and was sent to England when he was seven years old. On the voyage home the vessel touched at St. Helena, where the child saw Napoleon Bonaparte. The black servant who attended him attributed to the ex-Emperor the most ravenous propensities. "He eats," said the sable exaggerator, "three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on." The joke figured years afterwards in one of Thackeray's sketches. This early connection with India left its mark in his memory, and the pleasant allusions to the great Ramchunder and the Bundelcund bank were suggested by the traditions of his own infancy. He inherited from his father (who died when he was five years old) a considerable fortune, part of which had fortunately been settled on his mother, who was remarried to Major Carmichael Smyth. The remainder was left at his own disposal, and rendered him an object of envy and admiration to his less fortunate contemporaries. The boy was sent to the Charter-house, where he remained for some years; and here again the reader familiar with his works may trace a multitude of allusions to his school-days under Dr. Russell, then the master of that school. About the year 1828, he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was the friend and contemporary of Tennyson, Venables, John Mitchell Kemble, Charles and Arthur Buller, John Sterling, R. Monckton Milnes, and of that distinguished set of men, some of whom had preceded him by a year or two, who formed what was called the Society of the Apostles, though he was not himself a member of that society. It must be confessed that at Cambridge Thackeray gave no signs of distinguished ability. He was chiefly known for his inexhaustible drollery, his love of repartee, and for his humorous command of the pencil. But his habits were too desultory for him to enter the lists of academic competition, and, like Arthur Pendennis, he left the university without taking a degree.

At the age of twenty-one he entered upon London life; he visited Weimar, which he afterwards portrayed as the Court of Pumpernickel; and he was frequently in Paris, where his mother resided since her second marriage. His fortune and

position in society seemed to permit him to indulge his tastes and to live as a gentleman at large. But the dream was of short duration. Within a few months he contracted a sleeping partnership which placed his property in the hands of a man who turned out to be insolvent, and the fortune he relied on was lost before he had enjoyed it. The act was one of gross imprudence, no doubt, and he suffered bitterly for it; but it is not true, as has sometimes been supposed, from his lively description of scenes of folly and vice, that he lost his money by his own personal extravagance. Thus then he found himself, at two or three and twenty, with very reduced means, for he had nothing to live on but the allowance his mother and grandmother were able to make him; with no profession, with desultory tastes and habits, and with no definite prospects in life before him. His first scheme was to turn artist and to cultivate painting in the Louvre, for he now resided chiefly with his relations in Paris. But in the art of design he was, in truth, no more than an accomplished amateur. The drawings with which he afterwards illustrated his own books are full of expression, humor, grace and feeling; but they want the correctness and mastery of the well-trained artist. He turned, then, with more hope, at the age of thirty, to the resources of the pen. But it is remarkable that all his literary productions of this, his earlier period, were anonymous; and his literary efforts, though not wanting in pungency, and an admirable style, were scattered in multifarious publications, and procured for him but small profit, and no fame. These years, from thirty to seven and thirty, which ought to have been the brightest, were the most cheerless of his existence. He wrote letters in the *Times*, under the signature of Manlius Pennalinus. He wrote an article on Lord Brougham in the *British and Foreign Review*, which excited attention. But political writing—even political sarcasm—was not his forte; and when politics ceased to be a joke, they became to him a bore. Amongst other experiments he accepted the editorship of a London daily newspaper, called *The Constitutional and Public Ledger*, but—like its namesake, which had been started and edited, a few years before, by another man of great literary genius, destined to achieve

in after life a more illustrious career—this journal lingered for ten months and then expired. The foundation of "Punch," was a work after Thackeray's own heart, and he contributed largely to the earlier numbers. But it was not till 1841 that he really began to make his mark in literature, under the well known pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, a name in which the dream of the artist still haunted the fancy of the humorist. In the midst of these perplexities, with that genuine tenderness of feeling which lay at the bottom of all his sarcasms, Thackeray fell in love, and married a young lady who might have sat for the portrait of his own Amelia, but who was not better endowed than himself with the world's goods, and much less able than himself to battle with adverse fortune. But his domestic life was overclouded by a greater calamity than these, and the malady of his wife threw a permanent cloud over the best affections of his heart, which were thenceforward devoted to his children alone. Such was the school in which the genius of Thackeray was educated. It was not imaginative; it was not spontaneous; it was the result of a hard and varied experience of life and the world. It left him somewhat prone to exaggerate the follies and baseness of mankind, but it never froze or extinguished his love and sympathy for justice, tenderness and truth. In 1847, when he was six and thirty years of age, he braced himself up, for the first time, for a great and continuous literary effort, and he came before the world, which hitherto had known him only as a writer of jests and magazine articles, as the author of "Vanity Fair." His style, which was the result of the most careful and fastidious study, had now attained a high degree of perfection. In the comparison which was naturally drawn between himself and Dickens, then in the heyday of popularity, it was obvious that in the command of the English language Thackeray was incomparably the master. His style was to the style of Dickens what marble is to clay; and although he never attained to the successful vogue of his contemporary in his lifetime, it was evident to the critical eye that the writings of Thackeray had in them that which no time could dim or obliterate.

To be continued.

JOHN LEECH.

(Continued from page 48.)

Where this remarkable artist can be seen at his best, however, to the present day by those who list, is far rather in his own works than in any representation of him either in marble or in painting. His pictures of Life and Character especially afford not only wonderful evidence of his artistic genius, of his keenness of vision and of his skill of hand, but form at the same time a lasting memorial of the every-day life and the multifarious character of his generation. Open the five folios wherever you will the pages are filled with old favorites. Those who are most familiar with them turn with no less lively interest to an examination of their contents than those who come to them for the first time laughingly to make acquaintance. For a droll glimpse into the nursery, take that one of *Patersfamilias*, who bursts in with an apostrophe about his buttonless shirt, addressing himself, of course, to *Materfamilias*, then engaged with the little naked youngling on her lap—serenely preoccupied with its morning ablutions. Another delightfully fresh matutinal incident is suggestively entitled “*Hooking and Eyeing*,” when Angelina, the wife of his bosom, saith, “Well Edwin, if you can’t make the ‘things,’ as you call them, meet, you need not swear so; it is really quite dreadful!” Edwin partially invisible—Angelina looking all the while pretty, buxom and blooming. Then that other peep at “*Domestic Bliss*,” where mamma suckling her infant in the chimney corner, papa, watch in hand, observes, “I cannot conceive, my love, what is the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning.” Whereto the Pet Child cries out, “Oh, no, papa dear! I don’t think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin ever so long this morning.” Or, again, that dreadful Master Tom, to whom grandmamma is supposed to have given some plums—threatening suddenly in cold

blood—“Now, then, Granny, I’ve eaten the plums, and if you don’t give me sixpence, I’ll swallow the stones.” Master Tom holding the stones in the palm of one hand preparatory to a gulp, and extending the other for the sixpence. Granny, in her arm-chair, at once paralytic and spasmodic. Among things to be remembered, must certainly be classed his life-drawings of ridiculous little children, greedy boys, impudent boys, ugly boys, precocious boys, and the like specimens of the *genus homo* in miniature. That illustration, for example, of “*Alarming symptoms after eating boiled beef and gooseberry pie*,” when Little Boy whimpers, “Oh, lor, Mar, I feel just exactly as if my jacket was buttoned!” Or that other one of a kindred urchin to whom mamma, taking him by the hand at the dinner-table, says, “Why, my dearest Albert, what are you crying for—so good too you have been all day?” To which dearest Albert responds with the irrepressible blubber, “Boo-hoo! I’ve eaten so m-much b-beef and t-turkey, that I can’t eat any p-plum p-pudding!” Or, again, that horrid young Grampus at the pastrycook’s, that pocket Lambert or infant satire on the Living Skeleton, who, in answer to the shopwoman’s inquiry, “What have you had, sir?” replies suffocatively, “I’ve had two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of them, and six of those, and four bath buns, a sausage-roll, ten almond cakes, and a bottle of ginger beer.” Contrasting oddly with which glutted and pampered samples of boyhood, come those little pert, dapper, ragged, good-for-nothing Scaramouches of the London streets, whose doings and sayings Leech always commemorated with a pen and pencil of infinite appreciation. Conspicuous among which examples of *gamins de Londres* must perforce be particularized Innocence—where an incorrigible urchin, with his armful of snowballs, collared by the beadle, cane in hand, squalls out breathlessly, “Oh, sir! No, sir. Please, sir; it ain’t me, sir! It’s the other boys, sir!” Another snow scene reveals no doubt the twin brother of Innocence, in the small boy with the Keeley-like visage, meekly averring to his natural enemy the policeman—“Snowballs,

sir! No, sir! I haven't seen any one throw no snowballs, sir!" a stout old lady in the back-ground being literally "starred" with one of those splintered missiles in the very centre of her cloak, precisely at that portion of her anatomy which, only for her bulk, might be described as the small of her back.

A companion picture is that representing the choleric old gentleman who has just been dabbed with a similar pellet in the middle of his hat—the Lilliputian hurler of the projectile candidly explaining in the foreground, "Please, sir, I wasn't a-heavin' at you—I was heavin' at Billy Jones." Said Billy Jones in the distance—safe, but observant. And so on through all these deliciously droll exemplars of the London boy population. Cuts—keen, rapid and incisive—here often lay open to us some particular phrase of folly in all the height and depth of its ridiculousness. It is thus at every turn in the series entitled "Servant-galism; or, What's to become of the Missuses." The consequential servant-gal—say, with the draggled feather in her bonnet, politely reticuled and genteely parasoled, who is observing superciliously to the lady having a vacant situation—"Well, mam, heverthink considered, I'm afraid you won't suit me. I've always been brought up genteel; and I couldn't go nowhere where there ain't no footman kep." Or that cinderous housemaid, again, with the red nose, looking through the area railing, as her handsomely dressed old missus encounters the small errand-boy on the door step. Old Lady: "What is it, boy?" Boy: "Please 'm, its a pair of white satin shoes, and the lady's fan wot's bin mended—name of Miss Julia Pearlash!" Old Lady: "Miss ! ! ! ? ? ? ?" Voice from area: "Oh, it's all right, mum. It's me." Another Servant-gal: "Who has quarrelled with her bread-an-butter?" "If you please, ma'am, I find there's cold meat for dinner in the kithen; did you expect me to eat it?" Lady Mistress: "Of course I expect you to eat it, and an excellent dinner, too." Upon which servant-gal—with her nose in the air: "Oh, then, if you please'm, I should like to leave this day month." Leech, adding in sly brackets [exit idiot]. "Flunkeiana" is, if possible, better even than "Servant-galism" as a provocative to laughter. Instance, that

kitchen scene where Master of the House, pointing to the well-spread table, expostulates—"Now, pray what is it you complain of? Is not a roast leg of mutton, with plenty of pudding, vegetables, and beer, a substantial dinner enough for you?" To which, aristocratic flunkey, settling his cravat affectedly, "Oh, substantial enough, no doubt, sir; but it really is a quizzzen that—aw—me and the other gentlemen has not been accustomed to. It's corse—very corse indeed, sir!" The other gentlemen, pathetic, by the dresser, both in look and attitude. Another—Serious Flunkey, snuffing, fleshy about the calf and abdomen, respectable in black, Gampish in umbrella, and carefully anointed about the head, *loquitur* to the old lady with the bible on her knees—"I should require, madam, forty pounds a year, two suits of clothes, two 'ats, meat and ale three times a day, and piety hindispensable." Another more delectably laughter-moving Flunkey—"I beg your parding, sir—but there is one thing I should like to mention at once." Gentleman, by the way, in dressing-gown. Breakfast laid. Flunkey with hand apologetically leaning on table as he speaks—"I am afraid—a—that I am expected to clean the boots." Gentleman—"Bless me! Oh, dear no! There must be some mistake; I always clean them myself—and if you'll leave your shoes outside your door I will give them a polish at the same time." Another, perhaps the best, shall be the last extract here from "Flunkeiana." Lady, surprised—"You wish to leave—really, it's very inconvenient. Pray, have you any reason to be dissatisfied with your place?" Flunkey, explanatory, "Oh, dear no, ma'am—not dissatisfied, exactly; but—a—the fact is, ma'am, you don't keep no vehicle, and I find I miss my carriage exercise." Several of the home scenes are altogether indescribable, either in regard to their natural humor or their grotesque probabilities. As may be seen, at a glance, in the "Little Dinner," or, again, in the "Little Surprise," sketches here particularly commended to the attention of those upon whose drawing-room table there lie spread open these pictorial feasts of fun, Leech's "Pictures of Life and Character." It will be observable by those who turn over the volumes, however carelessly, that the most unlikely

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employments are often suggestive to our artist of notions the most ludicrously extravagant. In relation to the Butcher's trade, for example, here entitled, "A Horrible Business," the Master Butcher is revealed to us inquiring of his assistant, "Did you take old Major Dumbledore's ribs to No. 12?" adding, "Then take Miss Wiggle's shoulder and neck, and hang Mr. Foodle's legs till they're quite tender." Hair-dressers, in like manner, gave him frequent hints of the ridiculous. There is the Little Hair-dresser, for instance, who puts his foot in it by meekly observing, as he snips and snips, to the Gentleman of Ungovernable Temper, "Yer 'air's very thin on the top, sir!" to which the infuriated subject—"My hair thin on the top, sir! And what if it is? Confound you, you puppy, do you think I come here to be insulted, and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!" Or that other, of the Hair-dresser observing, "They say, sir, the cholera's in the hair, sir!" The gentleman then undergoing trituration with the bristles replying to the remark, rather uneasily, "Indeed! ahem! ahem! then I hope you are very particular about the brushes you use." Whereupon the Hair-dresser explains, almost pityingly, "Oh, I see you don't understand me, sir. I don't mean the 'air of the 'ead, but the hair *bof* the batmosphere." Foreigners, too, John Leech always pencilled with more than the *vraisemblance* of Gavarni, though not infrequently with more than the exaggeration of Rowlandson. He was always, one is tempted to say paradoxically, most at home when he was abroad with Mossoo—from his very first picture in *Punch* downwards. Teste that "Staggerer for an Excursionist" in London, when Bearded Monsieur with profuse gesticulation saith, hat in hand, to honest Chawbacoon, with Polly Dustpan on his arm, "Pardon, m'sieu! Faut il aller à droite, à gauche, ou en face, pour me rendre à Peek-a-peek-a-dee lee?" Or, better still, that group of frowzy and hirsute foreigners, "Memorials of the Great Exhibition of 1851," pausing in amazement near an *al fresco* washingstand, with its cleanly array of towels, soap, et cetera, under one of the trees in Hyde Park—one crying out in surprise, "Alphonse! Regardez donc. Comment appell-t-on cette machine là?" His comrade, "Tiens, c'est drôle—mais je ne

sais pas." Fancy portraits are sprinkled through the volumes delightfully, as in the case of the "Individual," with straws in his hair, and sums scrawled on the wall, and his finger in his mouth, grinning, "Who sends a fifty pound note for unpaid income-tax to the Chancellor of the Exchequer?" Or that companion picture in the Third Series of the "Old Party who Rather Likes Organ-grinding." With sketches from Nature the work abounds throughout. The landscape back-grounds, touched in with a few rude and seemingly careless dashes, often have an effect quite marvellous. The artist always carried about with him a pocket scrap-book, in which he jotted down scenes or faces that caught his fancy as in any way worthy of probable use to him in the hereafter. One of the latter must, surely, have been the source of that portraiture, "Taken near the Freemason's Tavern," of the ludicrous old gentleman, gooseberry-faced, and potbellied, wheezing and tight, who is calling out agonizedly in a spasmodic trot, "Good gracious, it's striking, and they'll have begun dinner!" Busby at the Opera, too, is evidently from the life. Lizzy in the Dress Circle—"Good gracious, Selina, look there! There's that ridiculous little man again. Did you ever see anything so absurd?" Said ridiculous little man, Busby to wit, soliloquizing thus, as he gazes up from the back of the parterre, sentimentally—"Ah! There she is, bless her! And looking this way, too. Oh! it's as clear as possible, she has taken a fancy to me!" For an almost riotous glimpse of his healthful beauties, one can hardly do better than turn to his double page, "Training School for Ladies about to Appear at Court," where the young peeresses are flying the garter with dishevelled tresses and scattered ostrich plumes, over a break-neck array of benches and partitions. Unlike the raven of whom its former possessor wrote to Charles Dickens that "if he wanted to see him come out strong, would he have the kindness to show him a drunken man," Leech always "came out strong" whenever, as a draughtsman, he showed us one. Witness this "Self Examination"—where Party, slightly influenced, with his watch like a locket dangling from his button-hole, his hair towzied and his eyes half-closed, is reasoning with himself on the rug at the

stair-foot—"Queshion ish ! Am I fit to go into-drawing room ? Letsh shee !—I can shay gloriush conshyshusn—have seen Brish Inshichusion—all that sortothing—thateldo —here gosh !" Immediately droll and delightful though these wonderful wood-cuts of Leech unquestionably are, it is only necessary to compare any one among them with the artist's own original drawing to see upon the instant that very much indeed of their rare merit was obliterated by even the most cunningly handled tool of the wood-engraver. Place side by side, for example, the deliciously humorous original pencilling of "A Suburban Delight," with the actual cut as it appeared in *Punch*, and as it may still be seen at page 89 of the Third Series. Dark Party—with a Ticket of Leave of course—"Ax your pardon, sir ! But if you was a goin' down this dark lane p'raps you'd allow me and this here young man to go along with yer—cos yer see there ain't no perlice about—and we're so precious feared o' bein' garotted !" The engraving gives not the faintest notion in the world of the exquisite ridiculousness of the frightened look of the little gentleman with the umbrella and the carpet bag who is thus addressed, and hardly any idea at all of the murderous aspect of the two innocents who are asking his protection. The same may be remarked of Cabbie (p. 47, Fourth Series) who is offering to the old gentleman, "Now then, sir ! jump in. Drive you out of your mind for eighteen pence !" It were idle, however, to go on particularizing. As well attempt to define in words the distinctive character of the grins and guffaws celebrated by Hogarth's pencil in his Laughing Audience, as hope to catalogue the fun and frolic squandered by the wonderfully humorous hand of Leech over his peerless "Pictures of Life and Character." They are things to be seen and roared over rather than to be coolly criticised and deliberately enumerated. For ourselves we have again and yet again given them the panegyric of our laughter. Gratitude to Leech's memory and good-will to those who may not as yet have sunned themselves under the influence of his radiant humor, impel us to add to that more appropriate and more genial eulogium, this sedater tribute of sincere and unaffected admiration.—[Abridged from the *Illustrated Review*.]

THE PICTURE-COPYING TRADE.

No form of swindling has been more frequently exposed than that involved in the sale of worthless copies of good pictures at auctions, for prices immeasurably above their value. Exposures have appeared a thousand times in all the journals, but the vagabonds still find fools in plenty. Never was there a time in the history of swindling in this good city of New York when copies were sold in such numbers and with such audacity. Here is a sample case, taken from experience of a well-known auction gallery. It is to be understood that the pictures are not the auctioneer's property, and that the catalogues are not prepared by him; and that he neither is nor can be held responsible for any discrepancies between the pictures and the descriptions of the catalogue. Morally, of course, he is responsible; but legally he cannot be held. The writer took the liberty of inspecting the wares recently exposed at this place, and found them for the most part copies of very well-known pictures. One of the most attractive was a copy of Becker's great picture of a scene in Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*—the chess-playing of the Bishop of Bamberg. This was marked in the catalogue as by Henry Becher, of Berlin, after Carl Becher. Close to it was a landscape, marked Corot on the tablet, and with the name of Corot in the corner; yet it was a vile copy. In another part of the room was a copy of Van der Ouderaa's "Wedding Jewels," but called in the catalogue "The Family Jewels," and credited to Henry Heylingers, of Munich. There was a landscape attributed to George Inness, which, like the Corot, was a distinct forgery. There was also a forgery of a picture by Gustave de Jonghe. The names were only forged when the copies were particularly good; generally a famous name was altered so as to have the same pronunciation, thus striving to keep from the windy side of the law. Chiffart's name was altered to Sheffelart; Meyer von Bremen became simply Meyer. A copy of a charming picture of Levy was attributed to Perrett—which seems like an imitation of Perrault; and Girardin became Giaradin. The only genuine pictures which the writer could see were some American landscapes—Kruseman Van Elten, Brevoort, Sonntagg, and Gignoux. The remainder of 300 pictures seemed like reminiscences, for they were all copies of pictures which have become known to the public through the auspices of Mr. Avery or Goupil.

Report says that the auctioneer in question is in the habit of vouching for these pictures to the extent of stating that they are by the famous artists whose names have been borrowed for the occasion. But the writer believes this to be untrue; for it appeared to him that the auctioneer was very studious not to vouch for them. He praised them extravagantly, it is true, and spoke of what sums the pictures by the

artist named in the catalogue would bring. But he seemed very chary of saying that the picture was actually by him, and accepted very small bids as a starting. It may not be unjust to say that he tried very hard not to make a positive misstatement, and yet at the same time to convey to a greenhorn the impression that the picture was an original. There is a rumor current that one wealthy purchaser has actually bought \$30,000 worth of this rubbish. Consequently there must be occasions when purchasers present themselves who believe in the catalogue, and bid in proportion to their estimates of the great names which it contains. Still, they must be held as having deceived themselves, and it is very doubtful if the auctioneer could legally be charged with having deceived them. The auctioneer is not the man to whom the public should look. The real culprit is the owner of the paintings. There are two individuals, prominent in the copying business, who dispose of their wares through this agency. The name of one is not unknown in artistic circles, and he once occupied a high position as an honorable importer of first-class paintings. Suffice it to say that there is an establishment in this city where from twenty to thirty young girls are employed, at an average salary of \$15 per week, in making copies of fine paintings. As many as a hundred copies are often made of a popular thing. The English water-color sale, which transpired not long ago, was the fruit of their peculiar industry. Almost every water-color sold on that occasion was a copy. Among the artists, mingled with the natural indignation at such practices, is a keen sense of the joke perpetrated at the expense of would-be connoisseurs; for the pictures which purported to be by great English artists were, in reality, copies of sketches sold long ago by Brevoort, Wm. Hart, Coleman, and other Americans, who are well known for the exceeding fidelity of their sketches. These young girls first copied them in water colors, and they were so well executed that they positively sold, in some instances, for more than the original sketches. It is indubitable that in this picture factory there are some young girls of great talent, who deserve to be brought forward and helped to do better and more honest work. But it is not easy to see them, for it is only among the trade that the locality is known. Though professional feeling keeps those who know from telling outsiders, yet they do not hesitate to give some of the facts to the world. It is only a few days since the proprietor boldly took a dealer from Boston into the factory and showed him the *modus operandi*.

The informant of the writer said that most of the foreign pictures were obtained through the colored photographs which are so general in Europe. The exclusive right of an artist to photograph his works being accepted there, many of the dealers make a special feature of purchasing this privilege. The

house of Goupil makes a point of it. They photograph every picture which they purchase, giving to the artist \$20, \$100, even \$500 if the picture is likely to prove popular. By the copyright law no one can make a copy of a photograph without infringing the right of the man who has bought the exclusive privilege from the artist. Hence the making of copies is illegal in France, England, and Germany, and the vagabonds who do such things have to do them in secret and export them to other countries, having constantly the fear of pains and penalties of the law before their eyes. As there is no international copyright law it is needless to say that there is no restriction here in the matter. Photographs are purchased of Goupil & Co., and straight-way copies are manufactured from them. The photograph is first measured, and then ruled into squares in this way: If it be a foot square, then it is ruled into inches, making 144 squares. If the painting has to be four times larger, then each square is made four times the size. The next thing is to trace off the figures, &c., which are enlarged according to the square. Then the figures are broken into parts by means of cards, one card taking the hair, another the face and bosom, another the arm, another the body of the figure, another the skirts or the legs. The tracing paper having marked the outline on the canvas, the cards mark the details of the figures. Then the painting commences. With a few hasty, broad strokes one girl does the hair, and the copy is taken to the next, who puts in the face; it goes then to a third, who gives the arms, and so it traverses the workshop until the whole has been obtained. Then comes the nice finishing-work, which is only entrusted to very competent hands. The intervals have to be filled up, and the differences in tone have to be reconciled, and the whole has to be harmonized and made a unit. The proprietor has, unfortunately for the public interests, had the luck to secure two very able men, who have preferred good pay and disgraceful work to honorable privation. One of them was a Philadelphia artist of great promise. The other is a young German painter, said to be from Munich, but who at once exhibited such talents for making dexterous copies that it is exceedingly probable he knew something of the business before he came here. In copying the sheep pieces of Robbe, he turns out such work as cannot be detected even by experts, and in a good light. It is no wonder then that purchasers accept them for genuine under the unfavorable conditions for scrutiny which exist in the auction rooms. For there is no sky-light, and the arrangement of the gas-lights is peculiar. The writer tried hard to discover if a small Bakalowicz was fraudulent or not, and could not, in consequence of the bad light. There was every reason to suppose it a forgery, but it was so cleverly executed that he could not make up his mind that it was one without a different light.

This was the case also with a small Accard, which, however, being near the door, could be better seen. The dexterity and artistic knowledge with which these copies had been rendered show clearly that they were made by artists of ability.

What can the public do about it, is the next question. It is clear that against the machine pictures there is no remedy by the law as it stands. The only thing that would stop the business would be an international copyright. Injustice is a double-edged, hiltless sword, that is sure to cut the hand of the wielder. Americans have fought off this thing, because they thought they saw a profit in injustice, and they tried to justify the swindle of piracy to their own consciences by grandiloquent twaddle about the spread of literature and mental education being free as air. And now their sophistry comes back to plague them. Here is this copying business, which used to be perpetrated down in cellars and back lots, spreading into a manufacture, and engaging both ability and capital. And the evil consequences to art and artists are incalculable. Not only is the market for inferior pictures of genuine character destroyed, but there is a constant temptation to the painters of such works to sell their souls and join the copying crew. It is an injury to the owners of valuable pictures, and it is a fraud upon the ignorant men who have a glimmering love of art waking up in their souls. The copies in a very short time become utterly wrecked. The coating of harmony which the finishers supply vanishes, and the horrid daub confronts the amazed purchaser with all its imperfection plainly in sight. The remedy is clear. Adopt the international copyright policy, and the machine pictures must go back to the slums again. As for unadulterated forgeries, there is a law against them, if the vanity of the sufferer will permit him to seek relief.—*N. Y. Times*.

BOOKS.

What are books? Books are the granaries wherein the mental harvests of past generations are safely garnered; the caskets where the golden treasures of knowledge and the sparkling gems of wit and poesy are held secure for the elevation and enrichment of all coming time. Over the front of an Egyptian library of the time of Rameses III were graven these expressive words:

"The nourishment of the soul."

Books may be called ancient bottles, where in skins of the goat, the calf, and the sheep are stored the rarest wines, expressed and fermented, of the teeming human brain. Books hold, ever ready for our daily use, the wisdom of sages, the learning of scholars, the fancy of story-tellers, and the song of poets; the best thoughts of the best thinkers, the very essence of the highest mental powers in their happiest moments of inspiration.

Books are, moreover, the best of companions; they are the steadiest of friends; we know where to find them in our time of need.

Whether our mood be grave or buoyant, we can make our selection accordingly, and be certain to find the same unvarying expression of welcome. "In the dead," says Macaulay, "there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long." Their association, therefore, has some advantages over the living companionship of the very men, however mighty, that produced them. For poor humanity, with all its weaknesses of soul and body, its testy humors, its sinkings of heart, enhanced as they must be by the irritability special to their kind, arising from a more highly-refined nervous organization, must have furnished an association less free from alloy, and consequently less enjoyable than that of their finished works; where we find the pure grain of wisdom winnowed of the chaff of mortal infirmity, the flowers of song shorn of the thorns of human fretfulness, and the perfect thought, no longer shapeless "in its infant dew," but crystallized into forms of imperishable beauty. No longer held exclusively under lock or clasp by the learned few, these boundless resources are now in everybody's hands. There is not a nook nor hamlet in the land, however remote, in which some trace of books may not be found.

Thank God! the truest enjoyments of life are always the most widely diffused. The pure air, the running streams, the bountiful earth, the genial sky, at once our greatest need and our greatest luxuries, are freely open to all. So likewise the treasures of hoarded thought are within easy reach of the humblest seeker in the land.

To the true lover of books it is surprising how little suffices beyond the bare requirements of life. How poor to him seem all the prizes of the world that are a passion to the average mind! He needs no long rent-roll; no heavy balance at his banker's; no foppery of dress or equipage; no bang-tailed steeds to bear him to the races; no pasteboard tokens of fashionable acknowledgment. He looks down upon the giddy crowd with wonder and complacency. He knows them not. They are not of his set. He cultivates only the very best society: That of the wisest, the purest, the loftiest, the sweetest of their kind: not creatures of a day, the spawn of sudden sunshine, but the flower of ancient heraldry: The very blue blood of genius: The genuine aristocracy of the human race.

Happy he whose taste inclines him to intercourse so refining! He has resources that can never fail. He may be a solitary stranger in the land, and yet with his chair, his corner, and his book, he will never lack for pleasant companionship. He may be poor, neglected, and desponding, yet with a finger can he turn the glowing page, and cheer the darkness of his soul with "The light that never was on sea or land;" and in the supreme rapture of his noon-tide glory he can say to the intruding rulers of the world that proffer him their patronizing aid, "Only stand out of my sunshine! Leave me but the light of knowledge, and I ask no more!"—From Dr. Thomas Ward's *N. Y. Society Library Centennial Address*.